17

SONGS, &c.

IN

A FRIEND IN NEED.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

SONGS, TRIOS, &c.

AND

FINALES,

IN

A FRIEND IN NEED;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

Written by Prince Hoare Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE MUSIC CHIEFLY NEW,

AND

A FEW PIECES SELECTED.

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1797.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Solano	Mr. Kelly.
Jack Churly, formerly an English Sailor	Mr. Banniſter, Jun.
Pazzarello, a Miller	Mr. Suett.
Belmont	Mr. Dignum.
Morado, Steward to Solano	Mr. Wathen.
Carlo	Mr. Sedgwick.
Two Informers	Meſſrs. Maddocks & Trueman.
Lieutenant	Mr. Caulfield.
Children, Sons of Solano	Maſter Welſh. Maſter Chatterley.
Gaoler	Mr. Webb.
Bernardo	Mr. Banks.
Neapolitan Sailor	Mr. Hollingſworth.
Soldiers belonging to Solano's Regiment	Meſſrs. Cooke, Welſh, and Evans.
Emilia	Mrs. Crouch.
Plautina, Governeſs to Solano's Children	Miſs Decamp.
Ellen, Wife to Churly	Mrs. Bland.

Neapolitan Lazzaroni, Guards, Soldiers, Villagers, &c.

The Scene lies partly at Naples, and partly at a Farm, belonging to Count Solano, on the borders of the Roman State.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

FRIEND IN NEED.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The front of a Nobleman's Houſe, with a Vintner's Shed adjoining.*

AIR. *Neapolitans playing at the Game of Mora.*

1ſt. Neap. Five, four, ſix, again;
Seven, three, ten.
2d. Neap. Four, two, ſix, again;
Seven, three, ten.
3d. Neap. I've won, I've won.
4th. Neap. The game is gone.
2d. Neap. Now, you're wrong, it was not fairly---
There, I ſaw your fingers croſs'd.
3d. Neap. Then, again, I hit it rarely.
Chorus. Silence!
Now confeſs you've loſt.
3d. Neap. Now confeſs I've won it fairly.
All. Silence! Silence!---You have loſt.

SCENE. *The Inner Court of a Nobleman's Houſe.*

QUARTETTO. EMILIA, PLAUTINA, AND CHILDREN

Emilia. Oh Heav'n! of innocence the ſhield,
Protect Solano's flight
From dangers lurking nigh!
From dark Suſpicion's eye
Grant him to 'ſcape conceal'd,
And bring the wand'rer to my ſight!
(*Plautina from the Balcony*)
Deſcend, the heat of day is o'er,
And evening ſhades apace come on.
Children. I'm here-- we heard you call before,
And are deſirous to be gone.
Emilia. Happy hours of careleſs ſporting,
Soon, too ſoon, alas! to fleet!
Children. Good b'ye, Mama! the zephyr courting,
We go to taſte its fragrance ſweet--
Elder Child. Say, comes my father home to-day?
Emilia. What loſs are theſe ordain'd to feel!
Children. Your kiſs we wait--don't cry ſo, pray!
Plautina. A faithful heart her tears reveal.
All. Good b'ye, good b'ye, the zephyr courting,
We go } to taſte its fragrance
Go forth } ſweet:
And } lightly in its breath diſport-
Go } ing,
At cloſe of eve again we meet.

AIR. PLAUTINA.

When the ſweet wreath of love has encircled the heart,
How hard is their lot, whom misfortune muſt part!
Still conſtant in abſence, ſtill mourning their fate,
Like the turtle, that nightly bemoans her loſt mate!
All the raptures of morning awake her in vain;
For where is the day, that brings pleaſure again?

In ſafety to lead the poor wanderer's flight,
Riſe ſwiftly around him, ye ſhadows of night!
If his foes ſtill purſue, and relentleſs they rage,
May ſome angel, in pity, their anger aſſuage!
Compaſſion's ſoft balm in their boſoms inſtil,
And teach them 'tis nobler to ſpare than to kill!

SCENE. *A Street in Naples.*

QUINTETTO. SOLANO, CHURLY, AND SOLDIERS.

Solano. Forbear! forbear th' unequal fray!
Cowards thus their weapons ſtain---
Soldiers, hold! I bid you ſtay.
Sold. Declare who bids us now obey,
Who our vengeance wou'd reſtrain?
Churly. Fair play! fair play!
Solano. While I honor's laws defend,
Know me, ſoldiers, for your friend!
You Solano's voice obey.
Churly. Stand you by, and ſee fair play---
Now---away!
Sold. We our general's voice obey.

AIR. CHURLY.

When to Old England I come home,
  Fal lal, &c.
What joy to ſee the tankard foam!
  Fal lal, &c.
When treading London's well known ground,
If e'er I feel my ſpirits tire,
I haul my ſail, look up around,
In ſearch of *Whitbread's beſt Intire.*
    I ſpy the name of *Calvert*,
    Of *Curtis*, *Cox*, and *Co.*
    I give a cheer and bawl for't,
    A pot of porter, ho!—
When to Old England I come home,
What joy to ſee the tankard foam!
With heart ſo light and frolick high,
And drink it off to liberty!

Where wine or water can be found,
  Fal lal, &c.
I've travell'd far the world around,
  Fal lal, &c.
Again I hope, before I die,
Of England's cann the taſte to try;
For many a league I'd go about,
To take a draught of *Gyfford's Stout.*
    I ſpy the name of *Truman*,
    Of *Maddox*, *Meux*, and *Co.*
    The ſight makes me a new man,
    A pot of porter, ho!
When to Old England I come home,
What joy to ſee the tankard foam, &c.

SCENE. *The Sea-ſide at Naples.*

AIR. BELMONT.

I.

Now homeward o'er the daiſied meads
The ſhepherd bends his way;
The ſun forſakes the mountain heads!
Farewell the beam of day!
On artleſs reed he tries his ſkill,
Or round his voice he throws;
While joyous thoughts his boſom fill,
Of love and ſoft repoſe.

II.

The diſtant ſcene begins to fail,
The hamlets ſink amain,
And evening ſpreads her dewy veil
In ſtillneſs o'er the plain;
While homeward o'er the daiſied meads,
The ſhepherd bends his way;
And jocund, onward as he ſpeeds,
Bids farewell to the day;
Farewell the beam of day!

AIR AND FINALE.

SOLANO, BELMONT, CARLO, EMILIA, PLAUTINA, CHILDREN, AND PURSUERS.

AIR. CARLO.

Follow, follow, ſafe from danger,
In the ſhades of Eve conceal'd!
Be our foe to fear a ſtranger,
To our numbers he muſt yield:
See they track him! ſee he flies!
Bravely now conteſt the prize.
Scorn of fortune now repaying,
Dark concealment guides the blow:
From afar the ſtrife ſurveying,
Thus I triumph o'er my foe.

FINALE.

Purſuers behind the Scenes.
'Tis in vain you make reſiſtance,
'Tis in vain you ſeek to fly;
None can give you here aſſiſtance;
You muſt quickly yield or die.

Carlo. Wherefore ſtrive? no aid is near you.
Solano. Slave, begone! I do not fear you.
Carlo. No reſiſtance.
Solano & Belmont. Slaves, away!
We the laws alone obey.
Carlo. Yield your ſword.
Solano & Belmont. We'll force our way.
Purſuers. Hold! hold! your ſword! the laws obey!
All. {We / You} the laws alone obey.

Enter Emilia, Plautina, and Children.

Emilia. Hark! I heard the clash of arms.
Children. Tell us, wherefore these alarms?
Emilia. Should his enemies beset him!
Plautina. Or the guard, alas, have met him!
Carlo (behind the Scenes.)
Yield, yield your sword!
Emilia. All is lost—they've surely found him!
Plautina All is lost—they now surround him!
Solano (behind the Scenes.)
Hold!
Emilia. Too well his voice I know.
Plau. & Children. Whither rashly would you go?
Carlo (behind the Scenes.)
To the laws resign your sword!
No defence it can afford.
Solano. To the laws I yield my sword.

Enter Solano, Belmont, and Pursuers.

Solano & Emilia. Thus surrounded,
Thus confounded;
Hope is gone; my fate I see—
To await the law's decree.
Belmont. In misfortune yet respect him;
Laws of justice shall protect him.
Carlo. In misfortune we respect him;
We await the law's decree.
Solano & Emilia. Thus to meet! while on thee gazing,
Hope of joy and life is o'er;
Carlo & Pursuers. Thus to meet! oh, chance amazing,
Hope no more his life to save.
All. Thus, on fortune's rolling wave,
While in danger ever roaming,
Angry billows round him foaming,
Drive the mariner from shore.
Wild alarm and fear surrounding,
Safety now he views no more;
Every sense amaze confounding,
Hope of life is gone and o'er:
Angry billows round him foaming,
Drive him far, afar, from shore.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Farm belonging to Count* SOLANO, *at Terracina, on the Borders of the Roman State.*

AIR AND CHORUS. PAZZARELLO, ELLEN, *and* VILLAGERS.

Ellen. Happy hours, that, gaily fleeting,
Softly ſteal, and ſteal away!
While the ſwains are blithely ſinging;
And with joy the vallies ringing
Echo back their roundelay.
Paz. Bravo! bravo! round me meeting,
You ſhall ſhare the circling bowl.
Happy ſwains, in plenty ſmiling,
Toil with cheerful ſong beguiling,
While the miller takes the toll!
Chorus. Happy ſwains, with plenty ſmiling,
Toil with cheerful ſong beguiling,
While the miller takes the toll!

AIR. PAZZARELLO.

I.

A bachelor, miller—ſo merry a life!
To marry would mend it but little, I doubt:
He humours the gale,
He reefs in his ſail,
And prudently knows what his mill is about.
Tho' whirling and twirling, he lives without ſtrife;
He ſlackens his flies, if they make too much rout;
But what ſhould he do with a whirligig wife,
Who, blow high or low, carries all her ſails out,
Whirling, twirling!

II.

The air whiſtles round him as keen as a knife;
He finds out its bearing, and round the mill goes:
Let the wind ſhift at will,
He ſteadies his mill,
He has but to peep out, and follow his noſe;
Tho' whirling and twirling, he lives without ſtrife;
He veers to the wind, and its changes he knows;
But how ſhould he ſteady a whirligig wife,
When the devil can't find out which way the wind blows;
Whirling, twirling!

AIR. ELLEN.

I.

I early found my tender heart
Too apt to take a lover's part,
And ſometimes loſt, or nearly;
I ſtraight reſolv'd to be a wife,
And whomſoe'er I choſe for life,
I vow'd to love him truely, dearly.

II.

Around me then came many a lad;
Some for the little wealth I had,
And ſome for fancy merely;
I ſtill was deaf to all they ſaid,
For I reſolv'd no man to wed,
Till I ſhould love him truely, dearly.

III.

But ſoon my choice to *one* inclin'd,
For my true ſailor told his mind,
In honeſt plainneſs clearly;
Ah! never let my ſailor doubt,
Tho' far he roam the world about,
His girl will love him truely, dearly.

SCENE, *The Priſon at Naples.*

AIR. SOLANO.

Loſt to ev'ry former joy,
While in theſe lone walls I pine,
Fairy dreams my ſoul employ,
Of delight, that once was mine.
Rapt'rous ſtrains, at ſmile of morn,
Nature's ſongſters ſeem to pour;
Sweet illuſion! fancy born!
Wake the joy that lives no more,
That lives, alas! no more.

TRIO. SOLANO, EMILIA, *and* CHILD.

Child. Yet wherefore flow my father's tears?
Our delight is to obey.
Emilia. Ah, ſooth your child! relieve his fears!
From his arms turn not away.
Child. Oh, now I know why thus you grieve,
On ſome far journey long you'll ſtay.
Sol. Your mother, boy, her charge will never leave,
Her love ſhall prove your guard when I'm away.
Child. Yet 'twill break her heart,
Emilia. If you muſt depart.
Heav'ns! my breaking heart!
Muſt we, muſt we part?
Rather with delight,
Never from your ſight,
We'll with you away!
Sol. & *Child.* Still with you to live,
Joy alone could give;
And fevereſt woe
Now I learn to know.
Since {I muſt / you will} away;
Emilia. Oh fatal, fatal day!
All. Yet when paſt and o'er
This ſhort hour of pain,
Soon we meet again,
To part, to part no more.

AIR. EMILIA, *and Chorus of* GUARDS.

In peril undaunted, my duty obeying,
Wherever you lead me, I ſtrive not to flee;
But find a reward ev'ry trouble o'erpaying,
Since all that I value, from danger is free.
Behold! to your mandate obedience I yield!
I follow, I follow, and Truth be my ſhield!

Guards. Follow! and Truth be your ſhield!

FINALE.

SCENE. SOLANO's *Farm.*

SOLANO, EMILIA, CHURLY, PAZZARELLO, PLAUTINA, ELLEN, *&c. &c. &c.*

Paz. Joy, neighbours, joy! drive care away!
Let us be gay! Hurra! Hurra!
A merry merry day!
Ellen. With joy at heart
I bear a part,
Singing the merry, merry day.
Plautina. With mirth and glee,
We'll happy be,
Join in ſport, and dance, and play,
Singing the merry, merry day.
Churly & Chorus. Then let's be gay,
Then let's be gay,
And dance and play,
From ſorrow and danger free,
Ever, ever, ever free!
All. Ah, let us be gay,
And ſing and play,
While your kind ſmiles drive care away!

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